

The Rutherford Star.

66 REED SQUARE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD.—DAY CROCKET.

VOL. II.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1868.

NO. 38.

POETRY.

THE NATION'S DEAD.

Four hundred thousand men—
The brave, the good, the true—
In tangled wood, in mountain glen,
On battle plain, in prison pen,
Lie dead for me and you!
Four hundred thousand of the brave,
Have made our ransomed soil their grave,
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you,
In a many a fevered swamp,
By many a black lay, in
Many a cold and frozen camp,
The weary soldier's last tramp,
And died for me and you!
From western plain to ocean tide
Are streched the graves of those who died
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!
On many a bloody plain
Their ready swords they drew,
And poured their life blood like the rain,
A home, a heritage to gain—
To gain for me and you!
Our brethren mustered by our side,
They marched, and fought and bravely died,
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!
Up many a fortress wall
They charged—those boys in blue—
The bravest were the first to fall!
To fall for me and you!
Those noble men—the nation's pride—
Four hundred thousand men have died
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you,
In treason's prison hold
Their martyr spirits grew
To stature like the saints of old,
While laid agonies untold,
They starved for me and you!
The good, the patient and the tried,
Four hundred thousand men have died
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!
A debt we never can pay
To them in justice due,
And to the nation's latest day
Our children's children still shall say:
"They died for me and you!"
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Made this, our ransomed soil, their grave
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!

ORIGINAL STORY.

THE RIVAL LOVERS.

BY ALPHA DE KAITPA.

CHAPTER XI.

But the quiet at Mason Hall was not interrupted that night. The thunder-storm raged in fury for a few hours, and then the pale moon kept watch over the happy inmates who slept unconscious of the danger which had threatened them. Had George Pelham arrived now he could have easily accomplished his bloody work. But he did not come; and the night waned, and the sun arose in beauty over the mountains; and nothing told the tale of the missing man.

Where was he? It was left to Eugene himself to discover this. Soon after breakfast he mounted his horse and started down to Franklin. He had heard, the day before, of Pelham's escape from the officers of Justice, and wished to know the sequel. Not that he felt how deeply it concerned himself. He only wished to know, as thousands others did, whether the murderer had been recaptured or not.

He had not gone more than a mile on the way, and was riding leisurely along, busy with plans of future usefulness and happiness, when his horse sprang suddenly aside, and turning endeavored to run back over the road.

He was not a skittish horse, and Eugene was surprised at so unexpected an occurrence. But he reined in and cautiously backed back to the spot where his horse had taken fright.

A tree had been struck by lightning, on the roadside, and the bark and splinters were scattered over the road. This was all he saw.

But his horse refused to go on, and remained snorting, and pawing the ground with his feet.

Looking carefully about him Eugene discovered the body of a man, partially covered with the shattered pieces of the demolished tree. He sprang from his horse, and approaching the spot removed the rubbish—and there lay George Pelham, cold and lifeless. He had been struck down by lightning when almost on his prey.

Here he lay, in the bright morning sun; powerless to do anything more; his race on earth run; his career of crime ended forever.

And pausing over this solemn scene, does it not seem strange that men will forsake the paths of virtue, and stoop to vice and crime? What had it brought to George Pelham but degradation, pain, and unhappiness? What else does it bring to any one even in this life.

And what a small part of existence is

the present life. Does it not seem so looking at this misguided, half insane man lying lifeless here; his hand which had dealt death to others, now bound by that grim monster; and his heart which had long since ceased to throb with generous impulses, hushed and silent in his bosom.

"The name of the wicked shall rot,"—Turn from him, and forget him; or remember him only to avoid his crimes so that you may escape his miserable end.

Eugene remounted his horse and hurried on to Franklin. Some men were there, just returned from the pursuit. Others were just starting out, searching in every conceivable place for the dangerous outlaw.

"Any news of Pelham?" asked one of the crowd of Eugene as he rode up.

"He is dead. I saw him lying in the road, near Mason Hall, as I came down. He has been struck by lightning."

Instantly a party was raised, attended by a skillful physician under officers appointed for the purpose and they proceeded to the spot, guided by Eugene, where the body of Pelham lay. They found him, surrounded by a group of persons, but lying as he had fallen when the judgment of heaven overtook him and stopped his bloody career.

Justice was satisfied and his remains were laid away in the burying place of his ancestors. Few mourners stood around the grave into which he was lowered, to sleep until the resurrection morn. And few tears were shed over the little mound of earth which was raised by the hand of charity above him. Draw the mantle of oblivion over him, and forget him kind reader; for what was there in his life to admire, or to imitate.

Turn from him and avoid the first step, that lead to the whirlpool of crime into which he sank to rise no more, knowing that the good alone can be happy.

The day appointed for the public sale of the ancient mansion of the Masons had arrived. Groups of busy, business men were standing about the Hall or walking about the grounds, examining with critical eyes the various machinery of the large plantation.

Mason was sitting silent and dejected among the noisy crowd who had been so fortunate as to obtain an introduction into the parlor of the hospitable mansion. It was a heavier blow than he had even anticipated. Reason had taught him that it would be hard to see his possessions, pass into the hands of strangers. But now he could begin to realize it; and, in spite of himself, his native politeness and good humor forsook him, and he felt gloomy and desolate.

In a quiet room, apart from the bustle and confusion that was reigning around sat Eugene and Ella. They had been busily talking, but for a few minutes both had been silent.

"I feel sorry for poor Pa," Ella said with a sigh, turning from the window where she had been standing, and looking at Eugene, who was lounging carelessly at her side.

"Are you not sorry for yourself?" he asked with a smile.

"For myself? No. I am as happy as I could desire."

But you have never realized the privations that attend poverty. You have never read of it in books, dressed in all the bright colors with a rich fancy can invest it. But that is not the reality. We see real poverty every day around us. Think of that."

If she thought of it, it did not look very dismal, for she only smiled in his face and said—

"I can be happy with you anywhere."

Of course she should not have said this. The world says that it makes a man vain; and makes him prize his lady love less; and does innumerable harm every way for a girl to talk so. And is the world ever wrong?

And of course it was equally impolitic in Eugene to kiss her so rapturously when she said this, and to say that she was his brightest, dearest, most precious treasure; and a string of other things equally foolish, and unreasonable.

Of course, if they marry they will awake from this foolish dreaming—says the world.

But we have seen some, who have been married long enough to have worn off all the novelty and romance of it, and they continue to live blind to the ways of the world, and love each other just as good as ever. There are numbers living, who are just so silly; and Eugene and Ella will be of this class, in spite of all the sneers the world can give. And in their happiness they will not care a fig, when those who are not so blinded say—"Silly,

creatures! How they ever estimate each other!"

The moment the sale commenced Eugene left Ella and joined the eager expectant crowd below. Ella wondered what pleasure it would be to him, to see those treasured objects passing one after another into strange hands. She did not know that those strange hands, which she dreaded, were Eugene's. For Eugene had never once hinted to her that he possessed a penny. He wished to try her, and he had done it; and had found that her love was pure, and unadulterated by any base motives. He had urged her to marry him immediately, before this sale, telling her that as she had always lived in luxury she had better marry him here before they were compelled to stoop to poverty.

But she had laughed at him, and told him that she had rather marry just as they expected to live, and that she was not afraid of poverty if only he would love her all the same.

And sometimes he was almost tempted to try it a few months. But then perhaps he would not have the opportunity of buying all these things again; and had he not tested her sufficiently?

So he went down and bought everything that was offered for sale; to the great amazement of the gruff moneyed men of the vicinity, who had not counted him an opponent at all; and to Mason's astonishment more than all, who ran up to Ella's room and told the unexpected news in no quiet way.

Mason was rejoiced. It was not so to lose everything, after all, if his children were to have it.

But Ella was, for a moment, disappointed. She had painted such fairy pictures of fillety in some cottage home. Silly child. Of course she had too much good sense, not to see, on second thought that it had turned out a great deal better than that.

This day of confusion and trouble over, the time passed quickly and quietly on until the bridal morn. A soft, beautiful May morning, which nature ushered in with a lavish profusion of sweetness.

Heaven and earth seemed to unite in smiling on the union of those two loving hearts—those hearts that had beat with such constancy for each other in the dark winter of adversity.

How could either of them realize, looking out now on the fields, covered with richest flowers, and vocal with singing birds—how could they realize that but one year ago, they were blind and deaf to those beauties because they then parted expecting to meet no more.

But though treachery triumphed for awhile it was powerless to keep those hearts apart.

And now, looking at that happy pair, standing with clasped hands before the aged man of God while he pronounces them man and wife, do you not see that truth and right, though long crushed down will ever triumph in the end; and deception and treachery though long triumphant, must inevitably end in darkness and disgrace.

Two years have passed. Let us take another glance at the characters, with whom we have been familiar so long.

Beginning with Harvey Sanford, you remember him? Perhaps you have wished that he might succeed in his effort to regain his lost name. He is now a junior partner in an enterprising firm in Franklin. People watched him closely; many watch him yet; but people are not such fools that they cannot see when a man is truly in earnest and determines to live an honorable life, and Sanford is gradually regaining the confidence and good will of his neighbors.

John Gaines—good honest soul, has gone the way of all the earth. Peace to his ashes. Mrs. Laura has become Mrs. Norton, having married one of her particular friends soon after the death of Mrs. Gaines. Her particular friend does not make a particularly good husband. He tries her patience sadly sometimes, and to use Mrs. Norton's words to another particular friend—"He is a dreadful brute. It is a miserable thing to have a bad husband; but perhaps he is as good as she deserves to have."

Dr. Mason still manages things at Mason Hall. He labors under the delusion that the sale of her property was all a farce—somehow, and the old place is still his own. And Eugene does not care to let him think so.

Eugene and Ella, or rather Mr. and Mrs. Harrington, what changes have two years made in them? They have never yet waked to the fact that love is all nonsense, and delusion. Another link has been added to bind them closer together—a bright curly headed little imp, who

papa and mama think, outstrips in every respect, anything of the kind, past or present.

Well, on the whole, they think they are the happiest pair living; and that is just as good as if they really are. Is it not?

For the Star.

Ma. Editor:—Sir—I have been surprised that our farmers in every county do not join and have county fairs.

Now as I desire old Rutherford to go ahead in improving in every way, can we not get a few of our good men to meet and enter into an arrangement to compete in crops of Wheat, Corn, Oats Hay, Potatoes, Apples, Peaches, Watermelons, Horses, Hogs, Cattle, &c, &c?

It is now too late to have a fair this fall; but now is the time to arrange for next year.

I think, Mr. Editor, I may be allowed to use the names of some of your readers for a good purpose.

Suppose J. M. Allen, George Hodge, I. P. Sorrells, Willis Bradley, J. Hampton Richard Smith, William Justice, James Davis, Spencer Eaves, William Erwin, Joseph Green, Richard Harris, D. D. Allen, J. M. Spratt, W. G. Mode, Esqrs., meet and decide to compete with each other for premiums on any or all articles raised by our farmers; it is certain that before next fall and before the time for exhibition there would be no end to the applications to join, every good man in the country would become a member at once.

If my memory serves me right we have never had but one fair in the county, and it was a brilliant affair; for I was present and enjoyed it very much; it was one of the happiest days I remember to have spent in all my life, now can't we have another, and get up a spirit of improvement and good feeling, with our friends all over the county.

I hope to see advertisements, soon in your paper a call for these gentlemen, and all others that may desire to assist in forming an Agricultural society. I do not wish it understood that any one shall be excluded I only mentioned certain gentlemen as they occurred to my mind, and now I think of many others that I know will join with a hearty good will.

I would like to praise my friends and neighbors, but I can't do so well, if this will make good use of their time and make heavy crops of good wheat, corn, &c, &c, and be able to show me some of the very best milkers that I ever saw, and the finest hog or hogs and the very best of horses, mules, &c, these I will praise them much and will assist in getting all the new kinds of seeds from the Patent Office, and will contribute my mite to all the fairs and will volunteer to go North once a year at no expense to procure all the new seeds, the fine horse for the society, the fine morine sheep, the most improved Reaper, also any kind of machinery.

Mr. Editor, we must remember that we are to have our Railroad completed soon to Rutherfordton, and sir, if we do not have more than what we have or even have now the train cannot be loaded more than six times a year.

If we desire to be benefited by the Road we must have something to ship, and get in return for it money or money worth. Now let us have it at once and the longer we keep it the better we will like it.

Yours,

HALL

Perpetual Motion.

The idea is not given, up yet! Dr. Updegraff, of Reading, Pa., has elaborated it into a machine which will "go," at least does go. The Reading Gazette says every body who sees it are convinced. It describes the thing as a machine constructed on the principle of making one ball raise another of equal weight with a preponderance of leverage in favor of the ascending ball, or in other words, that a metal ball weighing, say five or six ounces, will raise another of twice its weight at an equal distance from its fulcrum with the same velocity that the first descends. Yet this is the principle upon which Dr. Updegraff's machine is constructed. There is no complication. All is as simple and plain to the eye as the works of a clock, although they are no such work about it. It is simply a matter of four balls, two on each side, weighing about six ounces each, so manipulated by this principle of combination leverage that while on one side it is descending and moving the entire machine it is raising the other in opposition to do the same work. Thus they alternate in their work and keep up a constant and regular movement.

The inventor has been offered one hundred thousand dollars for his right in the invention as it stands but has declined to negotiate. It is estimated that with fifty pound balls the motive power attained will be equal to that of eight horses. A large machine has been constructed for and will be put an early day, with a view of ascertaining its exact motive power.

MATHEMATICAL.—Girls are sometimes sharp in asking questions by which they are not allowed to ask themselves. A lover, vainly trying to explain some scientific theory to his fair innamorata said:

"The question is difficult, and I don't see what I can do to make it clear."

"Suppose you pop it," whispered "the blushing damsel."

"Miss Brown," said a young fellow to a brick brunette. "I have been to learn to tell fortunes. Just let me have your hand if you please."

"Let Mr. White, how sudden you are! That reminds me of a story of Professor Wilson. A young man who had gained the affections of his daughter, waited upon 'Papa' and stated his case, of which Professor had a previous liking. The young gentleman was directed to desire the lady to come to her father, and doubtless her obedience was prompt. Professor Wilson had before him, in review some work on the fly leaf of which was duly inscribed:

"With the author's compliments," He tore it out, pinned it to the daughter's dress, solemnly led her to her young lover, and went back to his work.

Often times a girl says "no" to an offer, when it is as plain as the nose on her face, she means "yes." The best way to judge whether she is in earnest or not is to look straight into her eyes and never mind her nose.

There are some people that never "pop the question" but once. They are cautious; they love with their whole hearts before they never love again. Others go through the "popping" to every girl they are fortunate enough to be introduced to, and to be treated civilly by, and are never answered "yes." He that says bluntly, "Will you marry me?" has no music in his soul, or is a widower, courting house or farm.

"I said I would take the resolutions if they would allow me to add but three words, which you will find embodied in the plot form. I added this: 'AND WE DECLARE THAT THE RECONSTRUCTION ACTS ARE REVOLUTONARY, UNCONSTITUTIONAL AND VOID,' when I proposed that, every single member of the Committee, and the warmest member in it, were the men of the North—came forward and said they would carry it out to the end."—WARRHAM CORRECTION.

"THE POOR YET HAVE ALWAYS WITH YOU." Not at all—as aristocratic Christian churches have it. The rich have one place and the poor (instead of being with them) have another place or none. In his address to the workmen of Montreal, Rev. Newman Hall thus alluded to our exclusiveness, and expressed his feeling with regard to the worship of the poor.

"A Surry Chapel, my own church, as soon as the time comes to begin, all the seats are free to anybody, rich and poor together. While in the States I saw several very fine churches, beautifully carpeted, and all the seats beautifully trimmed; but on asking where the poor people sat. I was told they had mission churches for them in different parts of the city. Now I like to see rich and poor together; I like to see men of all classes in the same buildings, and an earnest welcome given to everybody.

From the time that, at my mother's, feet, or on my father's knee, I first learned to lip verses from the Sacred Writings, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation. If there be anything in my style or thought to be commended the credit is due to my kind parents, in instilling into my mind an early love of the Scriptures."—Daniel Webster.

Be it remembered by the voters of the 7th Congressional District, that PLATO DURHAM, the Rebel candidate for Congress, voted to raise \$548,784, of taxes more than was necessary to defray the expenses of the State Government. This is where your high taxes comes from.

An indignant Irishman of Cleveland, Mr. David Barry, publishes a card in the Leader, of which we annex the following paragraph:

"But drunk or sober, joking or in earnest, Mr. Frank Blair will find out to his cost that the St. Louis 'Fisegone' speech will prove the sorest thorn in his side when the final returns come to be footed up. As an Irishman, I would as soon vote for that arch-traitor Jeff. Davis, or Benjamin Disraeli of England, as for a man who could so heartlessly trifle with the most cherished feelings of our race; and, gentlemen, I will go still farther, and say that the Irishman who can tamely swallow down such an insult to his country and her heroic efforts to be free, without resenting it at the ballot box next November, is desitute of all public spirit, dead to the claims and sufferings of his motherland, and is anything but an honor to the proud, defiant, sensitive old race from whence he sprang.

"We will make the condition of the Republican Party, when we get in power, more intolerable than it now is for the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah."—Z. B. VANCE, at the March Democratic Convention.

The grand mass meeting of the Boys in Blue, in Philadelphia, on Tuesday, listened to some stirring addresses.

Mayor McMichael, in opening his address of welcome said:

Soldiers and Sailors—Standing in the shadow of this venerable edifice, near to the consecrated Hall on which the foundations of our Republic were established, on the hallowed spot where the Declaration of Independence was first publicly proclaimed, and surrounded by those tokens of a vindicated nationality, I proffer to you, in behalf of the loyal people of Philadelphia, who reverence and cherish the Union you manfully defended, an earnest and heartfelt welcome. That welcome has already been expressed in the booming canon that announced your arrival; in the long processions of your former associates, by whom you were conducted hither in the jubiliant strains of music that enlivened your progress; in the mute but eloquent emblems that sparkled with me morials of your merits; in the masses of sympathizing men and women that surged along the streets over which you passed; in the radiant smiles that were showered upon you, and in the loud resounding huzzas that still linger in your ears; and in comparison with those, any words I might utter would seem tame and spiritless.

"The spirit of Wilkes Booth still lingers about the walls of this city," said Mr. Seymour, Blair, and the revival of the great cause is the motto of every true man!"—PINK BLUFF (AKA), VIRGINIAN.

WHO MADE WAR?—O, Nullifiers who continue to insult the common sense of mankind by the continued iteration and reiteration of the three-barred professions like that the "Republican party brought on the war," Mr. Lincoln was elected in November, 1860. He was not inaugurated until March 4th, 1861. As a private citizen, he could not, between the above dates, wage war much. But see what the rebels, encouraged by the Northern Democrats did meanwhile.

They captured Fort Moultrie and Castle Pinckney Dec. 20th.

Took Fort Pulaski January 9th.

Seized the Mt. Vernon Arsenal, Alabama, with 200,000 stand of arms January 8d.

Seized Fort Morgan, Mobile, January 4th.

Fired on the Star of the West going to provision Sumpter, Jan. 9th.

Captured Forts Jackson and St. Phillip below New Orleans Jan. 10th.

Captured Pensacola navy yard and Fort McRae Jan. 14th.

Took Baton Rouge arsenal January 12th.—So Mr. Lincoln found a war already made to his hands as soon as he took his place in the office to which the people had called him—war full grown and lusty. He had his choice to do his duty as the Executive head of the republic, or lie down in his tracks and let his country die. He was about as much responsible for the war as for the massacre of St. Bartholomew Nullifiers, you know this then why lie so?

"There is but one way to restore the Government and the Constitution; and that is for the President elect to declare these (reconstruction) acts null and void, compel the army to undo its usurpations at the South, disperse the carpet-bag State government, and let the white people reorganize their own governments, and elect Senators and Representatives."—BLAIR'S LETTER.

BORROWING.—The man who agrees, with everything you say, and laughs at every remark you make, is like a friendly dog—the expects a bone at some future time.

The man that flatters you to your face will ask you to lend him a dollar in a short time.

If a person tells you that you are the most sensible man he ever saw, mark it, he will shortly ask you to do him a favor—say \$5.—That is the kind of cents he means.

When a man tells you that your horses are the best in the country, he means to borrow one of them, and a saddle thrown in.

Some men learn how to borrow anything, but they are awful dull in learning how to bring back. However, a person is not expected to know too much at once—it takes a strong mind to understand geology and theology at the same time.

A borrower thinks it is about as easy for him to come after anything as it was for him to go after it. This is "free and easy" philosophy—especially free.

A man that would borrow your cigar would not object to taking your breath to smoke it.

The man that borrows your papers and does not bring them back is a literary "cous," with the literary left out.

P. S. Blame 'em anyway.

"The cause for which Jackson (Stonewall) and Stuart fell cannot be in vain, and in some form will yet triumph."—WARRHAM CORRECTION.

A WONDERFUL CITY.—One of the most wonderful cities in the world is Hankow, the capital of Siam. On a river side of the wide majestic stream moored in regular streets and alleys, extending as far as the eye can reach are upwards of seventy thousand neat little houses floating on a compact raft of bamboo; and the whole innumerable space of the river is one dense mass of ship junks and boats of every conceivable shape, color and size.

"The issue is Peace or War, and therefore I will support Grant and Colfax."—HON. NAT. BOYD.

The Wilmington Post says that there is One thousand dollars at his office that will be bet that Grant is our next President.

"The 4th of July has ceased to be of the slightest interest to the Democracy, parties of the South."—RICHMOND EXAMINER.

SCUTLER COLFAX.

Able and Patriotic Speech of our next Vice-President—Achievements of the Republican Party—Eloquent Vindication of its Principles and Policy.

The Cincinnati Commercial of the 21 instant contains the following special dispatch from Lafayette, Indiana dated the 1st instant:

Hon. Scutler Colfax made his first speech in the campaign here to-day. There were at least twenty thousand people present—fighting Boys in Blue, with their gay uniforms; sober citizens, in plain clothes, from the country, and all around; there were thousands of ladies to add interest to the meeting, and numerous hands filled the air with natural music. But description must fail. We will only add, it was a glorious meeting, an overwhelming success, and a flattering ovation to the Republican candidate for Vice-President. Nearly all the private and public buildings in the place were decorated with the stars and stripes. The windows were filled with ladies, who waved their handkerchiefs in welcome to Indiana's favorite son, and the choice of the American people for the second office in the gift of the people.

Mr. Colfax reached the city on the 3 o'clock train, and was escorted to the stand by an immense procession of thousands. As he passed through the throng which filled the streets he was greeted with deafening cheers. His appearance on the stand was the signal for the wildest and most tumultuous enthusiasm we have witnessed during the campaign. Hon. H. S. Lane, in introducing him, said he would not consume time in engaging in the idle ceremony of a formal introduction of Scutler Colfax to an Indiana audience. His pure character and distinguished public services were a sufficient introduction.

Prolonged cheers greeted the distinguished gentleman as he stepped to the front of the stand. When the enthusiasm of the audience had sufficiently subsided, Mr. Colfax said:

SPEECH OF MR. COLFAX.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am sorry that an unexpected change in the time-table of the railroad prevented my being here at the time this meeting opened, and that I have not been able to reach here before the middle of the afternoon. I reached home yesterday, and at once came here to look into the faces of the noble Republican men and women of this part of my own beloved State of Indiana; and because I know that here I could look into the faces of many from the adjoining counties on the north, who, for almost a lifetime, have given me, as their representatives, their confidence and support; and I may add, without the fear of being charged with egotism, the love and affection of their hearts. How much I love the people of that district my poor tongue can never tell. To them I owe everything—all that I am, and all that I may ever hope to be in connection with public affairs. They took me up when a boy; they sustained me in every vicissitude in the days of my editorial profession, and when they thought the proper time of life had arrived they saw fit to give me a seat in the national council. They sent me there, and continued me through all the changes in political life and exciting issues which followed, without any abatement of confidence, or devotion, or zeal, until, at last, the American people, seeing this long continued confidence reposed in me by constituents at home, saw fit to bestow upon me the nomination which places me so prominently before the nation in this Presidential canvass. I longed once more to come before you, and feel as of yore that magnetic sympathy which comes to me to day from the thousands who stand before me, and remember the contests of the past, in which you so generously and nobly sustained me. God bless you all. I don't know what else I can say to show you how much I appreciate your long continued devotion, [Prolonged cheering.]

I come here with another object—to perform a pleasing and willing duty, to bear testimony to the unwavering fidelity of the man who stood as your representative, and proved true to liberty and the grand principles of human rights, and followed them as faithfully as ever the mariner followed the compass in crossing the ocean. [Applause.] This he did without variableness or shadow of turning from the pledges he made to you; and now he can come home to you and look you in the eyes and say, "I have fulfilled every promise and performed every duty you required at my hands," a thing many a public man cannot do. He is worthy of your confidence, and when you find such a public servant you are derelict in your duty if you do not continue him in the sphere of duty. This was the lesson taught us by the South when they exerted so powerful an influence in the national legislature. When they found a representative that was faithful to them and carried out their wishes and policy, they continued him there with increased influence, from his increased service and experience.

I come here for still another purpose.

POETS CORNER.



—WHAT THEN.

After the joy of earth
After the song of birds
After its hours so bright
After its dreams so light
What then?

Only an empty name,
Only a weary frame,
Only a conscious smart,
Only an aching heart
What then?

After this empty name
After this weary frame
After this conscious smart
After this aching heart
What then?

Only a soul foretold,
Only a world loved too well,
Only a vision of a dead,
Only a thought of a dead
What then?

After this soul foretold
After this world loved too well
After this vision of a dead
After this thought of a dead
What then?

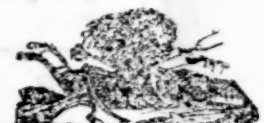
NOBODY.

If nobody noticed you, you must be small;
If nobody slighted you, you must be tall;
If nobody bowed to you, you must be low;
If nobody kissed you, you're ugly we know.
If nobody envied you, you're a poor elf;
If nobody flattered you, you're a flatterer self;
If nobody cheered you, you're a knave;
If nobody hated you, you're a slave.

If nobody called you a fox to your face,
Somebody wished for your back in its place;
If nobody called you a tyrant or scold,
Somebody thinks you are spiritless mould.
If nobody knows of faults but a friend,
Nobody will miss them at the world's end;
If nobody clings to your purse like a leech,
Nobody'll run like a hound when its gone.

If nobody's eaten his bread from your store,
Nobody'll call you a miserly bore;
If nobody's shunned you—here is our pen,
Sign yourself Nobody as quick as you can.

AGRICULTURAL.



"He that by the plow would thrive,
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and then lifting it to the surface and mixing it in the succeeding ploughing. I have in my mind now a six-acre piece, which would not half feed a cow through the season. We could not get more than four or five inches of the soil before we came to hard clay soil, that retained the water upon it, making the land cold, backward and sour. After ditching that land, and putting in some under drains, (which, of course, benefited it without ploughing,) we commenced ploughing this land in this way to get a deeper soil, not using the subsoil attachment that time, because we did not have it, but using a common plough, following the furrow afterward, and lifting one or two inches at a time. I am speaking within bounds when I say that the second year the crop of corn paid twice over for the labor of ditching and double ploughing. It is as good a piece of land now, I think, as can be found in the town of Lee."

Deep ploughing of heavy lands, then, with clayey subsoils, is to be recommended in autumn, and a plough which turns the sod and lifts and breaks the subsoil, permitting it to fall back into its place without bringing it to the surface, is the implement which seems most desirable.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

DIRECTORY.

State Officers.

WILLIAM W. HOLDEN—Governor.
TOD R. CALDWELL—Lieut. Governor.
J. B. MANSFIELD—Secretary of State.
DAVID A. JERKINS—Treasurer.
HENDERSON ADAMS—Auditor.
CELESTINE L. HARRIS—Sup. Pub. Works.
SAMUEL S. ASHLEY—Sup. Pub. Inst'n.
WILLIAM M. COLEMAN—Attor. General.

Town Officers.

J. M. JUSTICE—Mayor.
J. V. WILKINSON,
F. B. WOOD,
R. W. LOGAN,
J. K. DECK,
A. MOONEY—Marshall.
A. F. K. WALLACE—Clerk.

Rutherford County Officers.

(Elected under the New Constitution.)
MARTIN WALKER—Sheriff.
J. P. HOLMES—Coroner.
J. P. CARPENTER—Clerk of Superior Court.
EDMUND M. WALKER—Treasurer.
R. J. WILLIAMS—Register of Deeds.
A. J. SCODDER—Surgeon.
J. M. ALLEN,
B. W. ANDREWS,
JOS. TAYLOR,
C. J. SPARKS,
H. H. WALKER—Commissioners.

Polk County Officers.

(Elected under the New Constitution.)
N. B. HAMPTON—Sheriff.
JACKSON DALTON—Coroner.
R. S. ADAMS—Clerk of Superior Court.
J. A. THOMAS—Register of Deeds.
J. W. HAMPTON, Jr.—Treasurer.
J. M. HAMILTON—Surgeon.
J. F. RANKS,
EDWIN THOMPSON,
G. B. ARLEIGH,
JOHN GIBBS,
MILES PALFRETT—Commissioners.

McDowell County Officers.

J. J. BRADLEY—Sheriff.
D. W. JIMMISON—Coroner.
D. H. DUNCAN—Treasurer.
D. H. W. GILLESPIE—Clerk of Sup. Court.
JOSEPH WILKINS—Surgeon.
JOHN ROSS,
JAMES LEBETTER,
J. W. MCALL,
J. J. FALKNER,
J. C. EVANS—Commissioners.

Mail Arrangements.

Cherryville Mail—arrives Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 12 m.
Leaves for Cherryville the same days at 1 p. m.
Asheville Mail—arrives Mondays and Fridays at 6 p. m.
Leaves for Asheville, Tuesdays and Saturdays at 6 a. m.
Greenville Mail—arrives Saturdays at 7 p. m.
Leaves Thursdays at 6 a. m.
Columbus Mail—arrives Tuesdays at 7 p. m.
Leaves Saturdays at 6 a. m.
Morganton Mail—arrives Saturdays at 7 p. m.
Leaves Fridays at 6 a. m.
County Mail—arrives Thursdays at 12 m.
Leaves same day at 1 p. m.
Marion Mail—arrives Tuesdays and Fridays at 6 p. m.
Leaves Wednesdays and Saturdays at 6 a. m.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA

Department of Public Instruction,
Raleigh, September 10, 1898.

Circular.

Country Commissioner of —County:—
GENTLEMEN:—Your attention is respectfully called to Section 2, Article VII. of the Constitution of this State, whereby a general supervision an control of the Public Schools in the respective Counties is made the duty of the County Commissioners; and almost to Article IX, Section 3, which declares the neglect of certain duties on the part of the County Commissioners, in reference to the Public Schools and indictable offence and which also prescribes that each County in the State shall be divided into a convenient number of Districts. The duty of making this division into Districts, devolves upon the County Commissioners and is to be performed and reported to the General Assembly before the first day of January, 1899. See Article VII, Section 2.

In order to ensure a speedy and thorough organization of the Free Public Schools System, prescribed by the Constitution, it is requested that this work of Districting the Counties should be hastened to completion. Until this is done provision cannot be made for the establishment and maintenance of Public Instruction.
In establishing these Districts it is desired, that the municipal Districts should be the School Districts; also, that except in extreme cases, no District should contain less than thirty pupils between the ages of six and twenty-one years.
Your attention is called to the orders of the Board of Education, passed September 9, 1898, a certified copy of which is transmitted herewith.
For authority to pass such orders, the Board cited Article IX, Section 9, of the Constitution. Until reported, these orders have the force and authority of law.
Yours respectfully,
S. S. ASHLEY,
Superintendent of Public Instruction.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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And 148 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.
[A.A.A.] 21

Town Ordinances.

1. Be it ordained by the Commissioners of Rutherford County, and it is hereby ordained by the authority of the same, That a tax be, and the same is hereby laid of 15 cents on each One Hundred Dollars worth of real taxable property within the limits of said Town, for the year 1898, according to the assessment of 1898.
2. Be it further ordained That all persons liable to pay tax within the corporation be required to deliver to the Town Mayor on or before the 15th day of May, 1898, a list of all real taxable property for which they may be liable.—Any person failing to render such list shall be liable to a double tax, and the Mayor is hereby authorized to enforce this ordinance strictly according to law.
3. Be it further ordained, That all the male citizens within the corporate limits of said Town, liable by law to work on public roads, be and they are hereby required to work on the public streets and roads in the corporate limits of said Town six days in the year or forfeit to the Mayor one dollar each day they fail. Provided, That in the discretion of the Mayor such service may be rendered by substitute.
4. Be it further ordained, That the Mayor shall have power to divide the lands liable to work the streets and roads in companies, and order them to work on the streets or roads at any time or place he may deem necessary.—Provided, That he cannot require them to work more than six days in the year.
5. Be it further ordained, That any person who shall ride or lurch any horse, or other animal, on the side walks of the streets of the Town shall forfeit and pay a fine of One Dollar for the first and Two Dollars for each additional offence, to be collected and expended as other taxes for improvement of the Town.
6. Be it further ordained, That a tax of Twenty-Five Dollars be and is hereby levied on all retailers of Spirituous Liquors in quantities less than five gallons. Provided the sale of liquors by regular Physicians, strictly for medicinal purposes, shall be excepted from the operation of this ordinance.
7. Be it further ordained, That a tax of Five Dollars be laid upon all itinerant persons not residents of said county, who shall offer for sale any Goods, Wares or Merchandise within the limits of said Town.
8. Be it further ordained, That a tax of Ten Dollars be imposed for the exhibition of Equestrian and Menagerie performances, and a tax of Five Dollars be imposed upon all Shows generally known as Sideshow, Slight-of-Hand, Magic Lanterns, or other exhibitions for pay, for each day or night shown or exhibited within the corporation.
9. Be it further ordained, That a fine of One Dollar be and is hereby imposed on all persons who shall discharge fire arms of any kind within the incorporation, except that portion of said incorporation lying east of the branch, east of said Town.

J. M. JUSTICE, T. M.
J. B. CARPENTER, Clerk.

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An Unanswerable and Unanswerable Exposition of the Nature and Theory of our Government.

The Federal Government.

Its true Nature and Character, being a review of Judge Torg's Commentaries.

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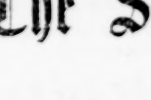
A Weekly Masonic and Literary Journal, published at Raleigh, N. C.

By S. & Y. M.

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RUTHERFORDTON.

The Star



—WHAT THEN.

Only an empty name,
Only a weary frame,
Only a conscious smart,
Only an aching heart
What then?

After this empty name
After this weary frame
After this conscious smart
After this aching heart
What then?

Only a soul foretold,
Only a world loved too well,
Only a vision of a dead,
Only a thought of a dead
What then?

After this soul foretold
After this world loved too well
After this vision of a dead
After this thought of a dead
What then?

NOBODY.

If nobody noticed you, you must be small;
If nobody slighted you, you must be tall;
If nobody bowed to you, you must be low;
If nobody kissed you, you're ugly we know.
If nobody envied you, you're a poor elf;
If nobody flattered you, you're a flatterer self;
If nobody cheered you, you're a knave;
If nobody hated you, you're a slave.

If nobody called you a fox to your face,
Somebody wished for your back in its place;
If nobody called you a tyrant or scold,
Somebody thinks you are spiritless mould.
If nobody knows of faults but a friend,
Nobody will miss them at the world's end;
If nobody clings to your purse like a leech,
Nobody'll run like a hound when its gone.

If nobody's eaten his bread from your store,
Nobody'll call you a miserly bore;
If nobody's shunned you—here is our pen,
Sign yourself Nobody as quick as you can.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Merchants' Protective Union

MERCANTILE REFERENCE REGISTER.

THE MERCHANTS' PROTECTIVE UNION, organized to promote and protect the trade, by enabling its subscribers to attain facility and safety in the granting of credits, and the recovery of claims at all points, have to announce that they will, on or about September 1st, 1898, publish in one large quarto volume:

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The information to be given in the REGISTER will be confined to those deemed worthy of some grade of credit; and as the same will be based, so far as practicable, upon the written statement of the parties themselves, revised and corrected by well-known and established legal correspondents, whose character will prove a guarantee of the correctness of the information furnished by them, it is believed that the reports will prove more complete and complete, and, therefore, superior to and of much greater value, than any previously issued.

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